

Grand finale

Twista

Check this out ya dig?
You've come to the last and final record
Toxic gettin crunk on you hoes
My nigga KX-Zilla, Steve The Guitar Man droppin the rythm
And I got the whole Legit Ballers family up in hea nigga
A yo Beanie Franks
You the early bird of this muthafucka
GUNNIN!!

Picture a niggas thats raw
Amber fire his ass and what we'll say is what we saw
Muthafuckas I slaughter
Blow 'em out the water
L-E-G-I-T that's Ballers
My styles as lethal
As a bitch that's found with AIDS gettin loose
Nigga before you get spraid wit some hot shit
While you run I pop shit
Yo ghetto aint no harder than mine, fuck that block shit
You cant manage them thangs
The robber takin and born in the range
Battle the match and bang
I hold my gun up high screamin "Fuck 'Em All"
Then I get in that as like cholesterol
I got the game lock down like Alcatraz
And if you escape you betta haul ass
Cause when I catch ya physically and mentally
I bring yo ass on the block thats the penalty
Put 'em in the hot seat grab a hoe
I'll show you some shit that'll make your eyes explode out ya skull
Cause bein odd ont the block is a N-O
Niggas didnt know that I could go off, and show off, and throw off the law
Turn, send ten shows that'll burn
Whats left is a muthafuckin dent in the alley
Beanie Franks is the shit on the Grand Finale

Yeah
Thats tha shit I'm talkin about nigga
Now its time for Turtle Banks to spit

You know its my turn to buss
And make weak muthafuckas turn to dust
And if you weak you die in the streets of Chi
Its deep drive by my bullets fly in the seat
Them niggas aint ballin mufuckas fakin
Scared of facin Legit Ballers at ya crib waitin
And now you shakin
Call the guys to come chase me
I make them punk muthafuckas buckle up for safety
A bitch, a pickle, a chicken, a clique, niggas is sick
For they skits and they scurges
Now I'm pimpin the pain cause I'm urgin
And rearrangin your muthafuckin face like a surgeon
Lyrics layin wit a four thats what I be fuck settin every peace
My shit to yo ass I see
O, for my mob status I'ma lay low
Representin Legit Ballers and niggas biten the flow

On the streets or the stage
A 45 or a gauge
Thats why me and the Twista always hittin the front page
For what? cause we so damn cold
And when we enter the car niggas cluthcin they hoes
So fuck it, fall wit dust and get snatched
While Nitty bustes the facts in the Grand Finale

Yeah 'lil nigga its been once for you bitches
Y'all cant touch Legit Ballers
And just when you thought it was over
T-Nitty in here doin danger

The names Nitty, you know I'm comin off like a gangsta
Disrespectin the mob I gotta bang ya
An everyday, cituation when I was caught by
Fuck a car, I do a muthafuckin walk by
When the G to the A-M-E
Leavin whole fuckin familys greivin
Cause if I miss some I gotta burn ya
Then I'm aressted (For what?) attempt murda
Never out done only out doin
Fuckin them bitches and then I leave 'em boo-hooiin
Why?, cause they addicted, to what the dick did
The pleasure and pain the wing ding inflicted
Given niggas two to the head
Boy you can't mess wit a mad and hard head
Fool, I'm a straight low neva broke
Cause today I be a balla, shot shot caller
I dont give a fuck about one
Them hoes aint even got love and they boo-hooiin
Now when I take it pass rap
While I'm still gang bangin bitch nigga catch a cap
Not easy but my nine easy to kill wit
Especially if you poppin bullshit
The N only I to the T
Especially my dogs on the muthafuckin Grand Finale

Yeah that shit was bangin
Last but not least Twista up in hea
The orignator of the style all y'all niggas been biten
And to show you how its done
GUNNIN!

Swingin, singin my raw was through rap
To the rythm c-cock back T-O is in the back
So if it makes you giggle I figure you thinks its petty
But to me its kinda Tilly
(Tell 'em what) I'm makin fatty
Trippin off the man tho we buzzin while I'm thuggin
Get drunk and discustin the way I be bustin pistols and hustlin
Dont take second for me to pop off my nine
Cause I'm the tiggy-tiggy Twista nigga what have been on out of the pick
But I was harder T-W-I-S-T-A to the formula
Its cold cause we been smokin on dro
So nigga when you take a listen
You wonder who I'm dissin
D-O-N-T L-E-A-V-E without permission
The "Baller-T" aka "The Swisher Roller"
"The Bigger Gun Holder" so I be damned when a nigga role up
Ever compete wit Mobster Elites
Much Less beef
Its like you comin on my tip wit no heat

Never smile when the Twistas in the club
Cause I got a mask and gloves
And I might be bustin out slugs
I'm comin raw cause I'm smokin on kali
Gang bangin wit Mobsta Elites on the muthafuckin Grand Finale